

## THE CLARION.

FOR THE CLARION.]

## A CRUMBLING SHRINE.

BY R. J. ARBON.

Our beautiful love is dead!  
See her as she lies, so white and calm,  
No passion tears and but a timeless psalm  
Is sung above her head.

Are settled in their last and long repose;  
I watched and saw the last breath at the  
close,  
As from her face.

The light forever died,  
The violet eyes are lustreless, and crimson  
lips apart,  
And stilled, unthrobbing, at last the flicker  
heart;  
And yet I sighed!

Sighed o'er the love that once did paint  
A sensuous summer time on forbidding  
skies;  
And crowned her roseate realm in gorgeous  
dyes  
Like aureole of a saint.

Yet I saw it fade away  
Like some rare tropic bloom whose fragrant  
heart  
Was crushed and bloodless by the north  
wind's dart  
From out a wintry day.

And I regret  
The trustless passion which with the season  
died;  
But then the void it left is not so deep, and  
wide  
But life can soon forget.

Now thought turns back  
To languorous times in a sweet but distant  
past,  
And sun-drenched days, with love lit by so  
fast,  
Adown their glistering track,

That but a faint gleam,  
I catch, of burnished amber tints a ripple in  
the hair  
And faint half glimpses of a cheek and brow  
as fair,  
As ever's seen.

She was not dead,  
The day I thought and like a fool told her  
farewell;  
She lives, my wretched, storm-swept future  
to foretell,  
With all hope fled.

Oh, just for one brief hour,  
I long to bring her back into those reckless  
arms  
And hold her fast, unheeding those old time,  
rude alarms,  
Life's sweetest dower.

Just one little hour—  
To taste again the Heaven, I sold for hell—  
Joy, rapture, bliss, I know too well—  
Loves mighty power.

Now that forevermore  
She lives, but lives her life outside my own;  
And indifference to a fearful passion's  
gown  
Yet hopeless evermore.

I see her now  
Beyond the gloom draped summit of my  
wasted life,  
A stainless, heavenly thing, no wilting  
strife  
Upon the brow.

That once I swore  
Was commonplace; but oh! that now I see,  
From out the shadows of despair, and that  
eternally,  
She will expire.

In joyous calm,  
The long dead reaches of my loveless past—  
In angel guise, with pity sweet as vast,  
Yet bring no balm;

This heart all desolate,  
Wails out its misery, a poor weak wordless  
song,  
Over hopes which lie there, buried deep and  
long;  
By human fate.

By some unwise forsaking,  
Weft with restless desperate hand this  
morn away,  
Some hour which in a coming sunless day  
Would keep the heart from breaking

I see now thro' mist of years  
As roll their dense dark shadows over me,  
All that I've lost, all, all, all, all, all, all,  
Amidst with tears.

And by this life of mine,  
I know its sweeter, brighter part went out  
with her—  
And I now sit and muse alone, a helpless  
worshiper  
At a crumbling shrine.

May 25th, 1883.

A Strange Assembly of Birds.  
Meridian Mercury.]

At the residence of J. W. Flake, near  
Oak Grove, in Kemper county, on Mon-  
day evening last, about nightfall, there  
appeared a very singular flock of birds,  
and knowing nothing of their species we  
are somewhat at a loss to know how to  
describe them. In form, they were like  
the martin and about the size, but very  
different in their dress. Had a very  
small sharp beak, very black. Across  
their eyes they wore a yellow streak.  
The top of their heads were a yellow  
green. A yellow ring around their neck.  
Black pointed wings and tail. White  
breast. And the most marvellous of it  
all was they were tame birds. They  
flocked into the dwelling, the dining  
room, laboratory, cribs and stables until  
they filled all the vacant places in the  
houses, and the remainder of them took  
up their abode under the houses for the  
remainder of the night. From where  
they came or where they went, is yet to  
be learned. The little wanderers were  
out and gone next morning before any  
one had time to see them make their de-  
parture.

The Rev. Thomas Battle, of Georgia,  
whose death was recently reported, was  
said to be the oldest preacher of the  
Methodist Episcopal church in America.  
He was born in 1786 and joined the  
Methodist church in 1819. Mr. Battle  
lived under the administration of every  
President of the United States, and his  
descendants number 400, three of them  
being grandchildren of his grandchild-  
ren.

## THE WOMAN QUESTION.

EDITORS CLARION: It seems that Dr.  
Smythe has taken a good deal of my  
article that appeared in your paper of  
April 25th, to himself, and feels con-  
siderably used up by the "bangs" and  
"blows" he says he received. True; the  
Doctor's article called forth mine, but if  
I remember correctly, I spoke of men in  
general and not in particular. If crop-  
ping the front hair was the only fault  
our girls have, the future would look  
brighter. No matter if the style origi-  
nated among the Indians, or even with  
the Fan Tribe of Africa. But as the  
Doctor is a tender-hearted physician (a  
passport to any woman's good opinion)  
and loves the women so well, if he is  
willing, we will "bury the hatchet" on  
the "Bang" question and shake hands  
over it.

I am also very sorry my article had  
the misfortune to pain any one as it  
seems it did your correspondent from  
Clinton. She says: "It would have been  
much more sensible" in one to have re-  
joiced that some one does not admire the  
"Idiotic Bang" as she calls it. It occurs  
to me that I neither advocated nor con-  
demned the style of "banging" hair.  
For somehow I imagine every woman's  
head is her own private property (if she  
has any) and if she, in her efforts to  
enhance her good looks, makes herself  
horrid instead, I don't see why any one  
should suffer but the individual inter-  
ested.

I agree with her that the style of  
dressing hair is of very little moment.  
But I can't agree with her in thinking  
that "any girl in Mississippi that desires  
an education can get it." No matter  
how much "brains" she may have; nor  
how "desirous" she may be. But I  
ought not to have expected more from a  
Clintonian, for their "brains are so ex-  
tensively cultivated," that they have no  
idea of the barren waste of the broader  
fields of our State.

She also cites a very interesting fam-  
ily, to show what can be done. But here  
it seems the sister was helpless, without  
assistance. The old adage, "where there  
is a will, there is a way" is well worn,  
but of jeweled worth. But there are  
exceptions to all rules, and all girls  
haven't older brothers, and when they  
have some are like this case I will cite by  
way of comparison: There lived, a few  
stations below Terry a gentleman of  
wealth that was desirous of giving his  
children a handsome education.

He placed his son at College, but no  
sooner did that son get enough money  
to come home on, than home he came.  
The father as a last resort, sent him to  
a noted school in Europe with the remark,  
"I guess Jack will have a good long  
swim before he gets home now." Jack's  
sisters all younger than himself are  
graduates of one of the first female  
schools of the South.

I had a friend a few years ago that  
went to Oxford to school not being bur-  
dened with money, he went into what  
is called the "mess-plan" and thereby  
made his expenses on about \$6.00 per  
month. At the A. and M. College ex-  
penses are also cheapened by students  
being allowed to work a portion of their  
time. Now, where is the school for  
girls with the same privileges? I know  
young ladies that have by persistent  
efforts and rigid economy in saving up  
their money, made on an average about  
\$10.00 per month, are now paying it out  
at the rate of from \$17.00 to \$25.00 per  
month in order to finish their educa-  
tions. And it is for the girls of this  
class, help is needed. Girls who have  
aspirations above the groveling of na-  
ture, whose hearts are tender and true,  
and are looking to the future as holding  
something to make life worth the living.  
When we think of the vast influence of  
woman, how necessary it seems for that  
influence to be directed right. Woman  
is indeed "the power behind the throne,"  
and what our women are, is what our  
nation will be. None of us live unto  
ourselves, but each has a moral world,  
and in the evolution of human events,  
our influence is felt for weal or woe.  
"Woman is for the glory of man." But  
how often it is vice versa. Woman at  
heart is not corrupt. It is evil teach-  
ings and surroundings that makes her  
so. If we look back over past ages we  
will see how the influence of woman,  
effected the lives of some of the great  
men. By her influence was saved the  
Law-giver of Israel. By it, Samuel was  
made the High-priest of the Lord, and  
Queen Esther saved her countrymen  
when none other could. By her influ-  
ence woman stripped the Champion of  
Strength of his power. If the Queen of  
Egypt's influence over Antony was evil,  
she was true to her country and he was  
not.

England is indebted to the Countess  
of Kent's noble example and training  
for its model Queen. Look at the Lives  
of the Wesleys, and the Father of Ameri-  
can liberty. 'Tis said by some that the  
wives of the political men at Washing-  
ton virtually make and unmake the  
Cabinet officers and Ministers. And the  
influence comes on down to every  
home, "be it ever so humble," it is there  
for good or evil. But woman is what  
her education makes her. She is pliable  
in the hands of her Provider, Protector  
and Law-giver. 'Tis him that "makes  
or mars." I am a true advocate of  
"Woman's Rights." But it doesn't lie  
in the ballot-box. Her "rights" are in  
her home. "Home sweet home" so  
graphically described by America's in-  
mortal Payne. But home is not a home

without a queen to reign. The crown  
may be silvered hair, her robes of faded  
hue, but if she be fitted for the place the  
sovereignty will be accorded her by a  
loving husband and devoted children.  
But here in remembering Dr. Smythe's  
warning words, "that the cause is not  
likely to be advanced by the intemperate  
zeal of a certain class of reformers,  
persons ahead of the age," I will (with  
best wishes towards all that see fit to  
differ with me), drop out of the "Crusade."  
For if the needs of our girls are  
known and ignored, we must submit.  
Better to plod on in the beaten path be-  
fore us than to wrangle, for by that is  
nothing gained. But I hope when the  
question is looked at fairly by our peo-  
ple, there will be, at the earliest time  
possible, means provided to give our  
girls a chance for education. In the pro-  
gress of time you will find your strength  
cheaply bought, for in the mothers in-  
fluence and training lies your power.

"EYDER."  
Near Terry, Miss., May 28, 1883.  
Woman's Work on the Centennial.  
The following correspondence is well  
worthy perusal:  
Col. F. C. Morehead, Vicksburg, Miss.:  
As you suggested in your letter of the  
18th inst., in view of the proposition  
already assumed by the "World's Indus-  
trial and Cotton Centennial Exposi-  
tion," to be held in the city of New  
Orleans, in 1884 '85, I think the time  
has arrived, when the women of the  
country should come forward and asso-  
ciate themselves with the great work.  
Ever ready to give aid when the end  
is for the happiness, improvement and  
progress of humanity, they are not  
likely to show lack of interest or energy  
when so rare an opportunity as this offers  
itself. They can be counted on to do a  
great work in behalf of such a cause.  
The achievements of expositions as  
educators, first demonstrated in England  
then on the Continent, and conspicuously  
under the auspices of our own Government  
at Philadelphia in 1876, give con-  
vincing proof that men never step alone  
in any direction, but are accompanied  
or followed by their wives, sisters and  
daughters, who are ready to assist them,  
not only by sympathy and cheering words,  
but with earnest, efficient work.  
On the occasion referred to the depart-  
ment presided over by women, and used  
to exhibit their work, offered features of  
peculiar interest and drew admiring  
crowds. No one could examine the re-  
sults of their work without being struck  
with the fact that female energy and  
perseverance is invading every branch  
of science and art; and that not content  
with idle dreams and speculative theories  
women are putting their ideas into prac-  
tical shape, showing their fruition in  
valuable products and skillful inven-  
tions.  
The "Woman's Centennial Executive  
Committee," the great pioneers in Amer-  
ica as exposition workers, raised a fund  
of \$42,000 in three months in the city of  
Philadelphia alone, and procured 82,000  
signatures to their memorial addressed to  
the Legislature of Pennsylvania in the  
short space of two days, which large  
appropriation established the Centennial.

Allow me, as one of them, through-  
out, to ask the attention of the Board of  
Management to the desirability of or-  
ganizing this important branch of their  
undertaking as soon as possible.  
The extent to which female labor en-  
ters into everything, from the tilling of  
the soil to the most delicate ornamental  
painting and embroidery, is scarcely re-  
alized, nor will it be till demonstrated  
on such a stupendous scale as the coming  
Exposition will offer.  
Were space allowed it would be easy  
to show that while a sparse population  
and want of any systematic organiza-  
tions are not most favorable to the foster-  
ing and encouragement of inventive  
genius in females, that the women of  
the cotton States can make a respectable  
show and in many ways give valuable  
aid to the enterprise, for a spirit abroad  
among them which requires a recogni-  
tion, and they will prove worthy of it.  
We respectfully request that instruc-  
tions be given us, or what is better  
still, encouragement to proceed in our  
own way to organize a Woman's Cotton  
Centennial Commission on the largest  
possible scale. In connection with the  
World's Industrial and Cotton Centennial  
Exposition after the manner of the  
Centennial of 1876. Respectfully,  
MARIA L. JOHNSON,  
Mound Station, Madison Par., La.

## OVER THE STATE.

Lexington Bulletin: About five  
weeks ago, a strange dog appeared at the  
residence of Mr. W. S. Proctor, in the  
night, and bit his dog and a hog. Tues-  
day of last week Mr. Proctor discovered  
that the hog was mad, and he had it con-  
fined in a close pen until Thursday,  
when it died in great agony. The hog  
tried to bite everything that came about it,  
but it is not known whether she suc-  
ceeded in inflicting injury on any other  
animal. After the hog died, Mr. Proctor  
put a little strychnine in his dog's  
"grub," and it, too, went the way of all  
the earth.

H. H. Parish, and another white man,  
named Wright, were arrested at Madis-  
son Station, charged with robbing the  
store of W. D. Lee. They confessed their  
guilt. Wright asserts that he is from  
Panola county, and that he has been  
before in prison. The officer who  
captured him thinks he has an escaped  
convict.

Kosciusko Star: Mr. Bluford Snow  
died in Attala county, on the 11th inst.,  
aged 69 years. He formerly resided in  
Choctaw county, and at another time in  
Leake.

John Smith, a negro, shot and killed  
a white man named Josiah Harding at  
his residence near Gaffton, West Vir-  
ginia. Smith then assaulted Mrs. Har-  
ding and fled. Twelve well armed men  
at once hunted him to the nearest tree.

The Tuscaloosa Cotton Mills, the Cot-  
tondale Factory and the Thread Fac-  
tory are all on a boom.

## THE FLIGHT OF TIME.

"My days are swifter than a weaver's shut-  
tle."  
The bells ring out the hour of nine—  
An hour that was, no more is begun;  
The minutes worth so much  
Have vanished like a swallow's flight,  
Or as the stinger's touch of right,  
Or like a spirit's touch.

I cannot call an hour my own—  
For when I clasp it, it has flown;  
What riches have I then?  
The little moments, ticks of time,  
I sit and weave them into rhyme;  
And now the clock strikes ten.

Two hours, and then the day is done;  
The day so thoughtlessly begun;  
And lightly spent by me,  
Has stamped some mark, or word, or sign,  
On this enduring heart of mine,  
Which ne'er effaced can be.

Those hours have passed; the hands that  
play  
Around the clock face all the day  
Are pointing heavenward now;  
A round of perfect work is done,  
Another day's swift race is run;  
To Heaven they pay their vow.

And shall these hands upon the clock  
My own free hands and fingers mock,  
And point to Heaven alone?  
No! I will raise mine own and pray,  
That that bright world of endless day  
May this day's sin's atone.

The days go out, the days come in—  
They fly and whirl like tops that spin  
Upon the kitchen floor;  
Thus they have spun since Time began—  
Thus will they spin for boy and man,  
Till Time shall be no more.

## BILL ARP ON THE NEGRO.

He Discusses Races and Human  
Nature.

Atlanta Constitution.]  
Some thirty years ago there was a dog-  
matic old squire in the 17th district of  
this, Cass county, whose name was Jim  
McGinnis. He had plenty of what was  
called good horse sense, a determined  
will and abundance of prejudice. He  
ran the J. P. machine in that district  
about twenty years and his final settle-  
ment in a case was the law of the settle-  
ment. Nobody dared to appeal or carry  
the case up for fear of offending him  
and losing the next case they had in his  
court. One time a feller sued another  
feller for the hire of a negro. Judge  
Parrot was on one side and Colonel Abda  
Johnson was on the other, and when the  
judge began to read his law from Green-  
leaf on evidence, Colonel Johnson  
stopped him and made a point saying  
that Mr. Greenleaf was a very smart  
man, and had writ a power of good law  
but that he was a yankee and lived in  
Boston, and knew no more about hiring  
niggers than a heathen about Sunday.  
The old squire asked for the book, and  
looking over the title page saw that it  
was printed in Boston, and so he ruled it  
out of his court, and Parrot lost his case.  
The squire said that Mr. Greenleaf lived  
a little too far off to be familiar with the  
business.

I've seen a good many pieces of late  
about the negro and the great Southern  
problem. The people up North begin  
to admit that they can't see through it.  
Ever since the war they have been  
telling us what to do with the darkeys  
and they have been watching us to see  
whether we did it or not, and they actu-  
ally think we would put 'em back into  
slavery if we could. They are earnest  
about this business, I reckon, for some  
of 'em die and leave a whole parcel of  
money for the poor nigger and I'm glad  
of it. I wish that more of 'em would  
die and do the same thing, but what I  
rise to remark is this: They know no  
more about the nigger than Mr. Green-  
leaf did and their judgment ain't worth  
a cent. I wouldn't give a farthing for  
any man's judgment about darkeys  
who hadn't been born and raised with  
'em and owned 'em. It takes a long  
time to learn the traits and instincts of  
a race of people. The Yankee never will  
know what the nigger is, for he never  
knew him in a state of slavery. The  
Yankees who came out South, fifty years  
ago, and domiciled with us, know all  
about him, and I will take their opinion,  
but when I hear these modern ones phi-  
losophizing and dictating about him in  
a consequential manner, I unconsciously  
raise my foot to kick somebody. There  
are lots of folks up there about Boston  
who are looking over their spectacles at  
us, and didn't know they had a Tew-  
bury almshouse. If they would lower  
their sights they would have a power of  
work to do at home.

I've got no pathetic sentiments about  
the nigger. The yankees passed a whole  
lot of amendments to the Constitution  
to put him on an equal footing with us  
socially and every other way and they  
were the first to break 'em. Nature  
fixed her own laws, and we have to con-  
form to them. If the Indians had been  
down here in place of the nigger the  
whole Yankee nation would have been  
their friends, but now they are their  
enemies and keep driving them further  
and further into the wilderness and  
cheating 'em out of all the Government  
grants to 'em. We have got to study  
just like we do horses and cattle,  
and instincts and so have the Indian and  
the nigger, and the heathen Chinese. We  
cuss and discuss the Jew and the Italian,  
and the Irish, and why shouldn't we  
consider the nigger with the same phi-  
losophy. Some folks seem to think we  
owe him a good deal because he didn't  
cut up and rip around during the war,  
but I don't. He didn't care anything  
about it, and he don't care now. It is  
not his nature. He had little rather  
have a master than not to have him, and  
the truth is most of 'em have got 'em  
and they always will have 'em. We are  
tired of all this nonsense about slavery.

Mr. Watterson, of the Courier Journal,  
says, "it was a foul blot" and I've had  
said it for he knew better. It was no  
blot. It was nature. There are a heap  
of people now in the South who look  
upon slavery like it was Achan's wedge  
of gold and perished under the con-  
demnation of God and man, but I  
children any such slanders, for I  
know it was in the main a humane in-  
stitution, and if the negro is any better off  
now than he used to be I can't see. The

whites are better off a long ways, but the  
nigger ain't. I've great respect for the  
old time darkeys. I know lots of 'em I  
would fight for. If I was to see a man  
imposing on Mack Richardson, or on my  
good old faithful friend Tip, I would  
fight for 'em like I would fight for my  
children. I love these good old darkeys.  
I'm willing to live with 'em and die with  
'em, and be buried with 'em in the same  
graveyard, and when Gabriel blows his  
horn I can rise from the dead with 'em  
without any fear that it will destroy the  
harmony of the occasion, as Gen. Tombs  
says. I love these old-time darkeys, not  
as my equals, but as I love my children.  
I love 'em because they love me, and are  
dependent upon me. The relation be-  
tween the white and the black race is  
by nature one of protection on the one  
side and dependence upon the other,  
and when it ceases to be that I have no  
use for the nigger. It is always a  
pleasure to me to befriend 'em when  
they want my friendship and my help,  
but when they aspire to be my equal  
and put on independent airs, I've got no  
further sympathy. I have been raised  
to look upon negroes as children, child-  
ren in youth and in manhood and old  
age. I did not have any hand in mak-  
ing 'em that way. It is their human  
nature and they can't help it, and I  
have a sovereign contempt for any effort  
that our people are making to change  
their relation to us, for it can't be done.  
The Sator fund and all other funds  
may try it, but it won't succeed. The  
education of the nigger is a humbug  
so far as to make him a better citizen.  
It has been tried already and has proved  
a failure. His best education is one of  
contact, close contact with the white  
race. If we will let the negro alone and  
keep him out of politics, he will get  
along very well and there will be no  
problem to solve. There never would  
have been any problem if he had been let  
alone. He has no business with  
office or in the jury box or in the Legisla-  
ture and he never will have. This is a  
white man's government and the white  
man must govern it. The Anglo Saxon  
is the dominant race. We don't want  
the Chinaman or the Indian to make  
our laws. As a laborer and a ser-  
vant and a dependent I had rather  
have the negro than any race upon earth  
and that relation to us just suits him,  
and when you try to lift him out of it  
you make him a fool and a vagabond and  
render him unhappy. I don't want him  
a slave any more, for his slavery was no  
advantage to us. I had a lot of 'em my-  
self and I know they were no profit to  
me. They were no profit to anybody  
except a few exacting masters who made  
slavery all the "foul blot" that ever was  
in it. There is no problem to solve un-  
less we make one. Mack Richardson is  
getting along mighty well in Rome, and  
everybody likes him and respects him.  
Mack is contented and happy. I wish  
everybody may be happy—and why  
can't Mack's children get along the same  
way. Well, they can, and they will, if  
the white folks can't all be Vanderbilts nor  
Jay Goulds nor Joe Bryans, and the  
niggers can't be white folks. Let us all  
be content with our destiny and not be  
fussing around because somebody else is  
better off.

Let us take things as we find 'em and  
do the best we can. Folks are very  
much like horses. If you breed 'em too  
fine they are not fit for the wagon or the  
plow. We have got to have different  
sorts of folks, and nature knew it, or she  
wouldn't have made 'em different. This  
morbid sympathy for the poor negro is  
wasted. Why not have it for the Indian?  
We robbed him of his land and run him  
off, and have been cheating him ever  
since. He is by nature of a higher  
order of humanity than the negro. He  
has more pride and more emotion. He  
has more revenge and more gratitude,  
for these two things always go together,  
but you can't wear him from the forest,  
for that is his nature. The negro loves  
to depend upon the white man and the  
white man loves the homage of the negro.  
It suits and fits both races, and I hope  
it will stay so. Fred Douglass seems  
powerfully concerned of late about the  
negro, and says they have got to be col-  
onized or amalgamated. Well, they have  
tried the one, and the other will never  
be, for it is against the order of nature.  
I heard an old physician say that he had  
never seen a physician say that he had  
descended from mulatto parents in a mu-  
latto succession. The crossing of races  
has never improved them. Not even  
will the Jew and the Gentile mix with  
harmony. John Randolph boasted of  
his Pocahontas blood, but I reckon it  
run out in John, for he was the last of  
it. History makes no record of two  
races living together in peace unless one  
was in a state of dependence upon the  
other. Our modern philanthropists are  
deceiving the negro when they flatter  
him with a capacity equal to the whites  
in fitness to invent, or to govern, or to  
raise to the heroic or the sublime.

Why don't these philanthropists ex-  
ercise themselves a little about Cuba's  
children and thousands of others just  
like him. I reckon if one of our mil-  
lionaires was to die and leave his money  
for the education of white children it  
would be a violation of some of the con-  
stitutional amendments. We want to  
help the negro, but we want him to help  
himself first. He has got to work out  
his own advancement by industry and  
by saving what he makes before educa-  
tion will do him any good. Dr. Mayo,  
of Boston, is the superintendent of educa-  
tion in that State, and he says, "The  
negroes must be told that no people in any  
land was ever so marvelously led by pro-  
vidence as they have been for 250 years.  
Indeed all the good there ever was in  
slavery was for them. It was that severe  
school of regular work and that drill in  
the primeval virtues which every race  
must get at the start, and their slavery  
was a charity school compared with the  
desolation and tyranny by which the  
European nations came up to their pre-  
sent civilized life. If the Southern freed-  
men now lie down in stolid indifference  
to their future they will deserve all that  
their most contemptuous critics say of  
them." That is sensible talk.

There is no foul blot in that view of  
slavery and it is good talk to the negro.  
There is no politics in that, no Southern  
outrage, no bloody shirt. It is much  
better talk than I ever expected from

Massachusetts considering  
slanders and the present  
What the had negro wants is  
gang and more whipping, and  
white man should be punished  
way.

## MEDICAL.

March on, March on to Victory  
Under date of Nov. 21, 1882, Mr.  
Handy, of Pratt and Whitney Chemi-  
cal, Conn., writes:—

"Having been a great sufferer from  
attack of Kidney disease, and expe-  
riencing the intense pain, many attacks, and  
weakness that always attend the dis-  
ease, including the terrible headache  
trying doctors' prescriptions and many  
called cures, without gaining any relief,  
finally persuaded to take 'Hostetter's  
after using it a very short time, I feel  
entirely relieved from the backache,  
pains; and, better than all the other  
remedies in my general health, my Kid-  
neys are cured. It affords me great pleas-  
ure to commend Hunt's Remedy to all who  
suffering as I have been, as it is a safe and  
medicine for Kidney disease."

## Honest Endorsement.

Mr. C. T. Melvin, of Providence, R. I.,  
writes: "Believing, as I do, that an im-  
ment of all you claim for the virtue of  
Remedy, I with pleasure attest to the  
its action in restoring a healthy condi-  
tion of Kidneys and Liver is, in my expe-  
rience, more than miraculous."

"So say we all of us,  
One, two, three, four of us,"  
and so on up to thousands, that Hunt's  
is incomparably the best Kidney and Liver  
cure known.

**HOSTETTER'S**  
CELEBRATED  
**STOMACH**  
**BITTER**



Hostetter's Stomach Bitter is  
the requirements of the rational mind  
for a tonic which at present prices  
perfectly pure vegetable remedy,  
curing the three important prop-  
erties, a tonic and an alterative,  
fortifies the body against disease,  
and revitalizes the torpid liver  
and liver, and effects a salutary  
the entire system.  
For sale by all Druggists and  
generally.

**HOME SANITARY**  
**PURIFIES THE BLOOD**



Eradicates Malarial Poison, Fevers,  
Chills, and Intermittent Fevers,  
Fever, Cures, Ague & Fever,  
Gout, Dyspepsia, Nervousness,  
of Sleep, Female & Summer Diseases.  
Recommended & Used by Physicians.  
Sold Free of U. S. Liquor License Tax.  
Liable Druggists and Dealers.  
PRINCIPAL OFFICE & LABORATORY  
24 & 26 N. MAIN ST., ST. LOUIS.

**PARKER'S**  
**GINGER TONIC**

Contains Ginger, Buchu, & many of the best  
known, combined into a remedy which  
is powerful to make the greatest blood  
and health.

Best Health & Vigor  
Restores Ever  
If you have  
Weakness,  
Cough or Croup,  
Kidney, Stomach,  
etc., or Nervous  
Ginger Tonic will  
cure you. It is a  
very good tonic,  
and it is a very  
powerful blood  
purifier.

**PARKER'S**  
**HAIR BALSAM**  
**FLORESTON**

Its lasting fragrance makes this delicate  
fume popular. There is nothing like it  
upon having FLORESTON Cologne, or every  
signature of **Hisco's & Co.**  
Druggists or dealers in perfume can supply you.

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Druggists or dealers in perfume can supply you.

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**THE VOLTAIC BELT CO.**  
Mich., will send DR. DYER'S  
**ELECTRO-VOLTAIC BELTS AND**  
**APPLIANCES** on trial for 30 days,  
young (or old) who are afflicted with  
debility, Lost Vitality, and  
troubles, guaranteeing speedy  
restoration of health and manly vigor.  
dress as above.—N. B. No risk is  
as 30 days' trial is allowed.  
JAN. 2, 1883.